

MY HALF SISTER

By ELTON HARRIS

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Mollie waited to hear no more; she was flying up stairs as fast as her trembling legs would carry her, her plan of action made on the way. There were only two servants sleeping in the house that night, their room was right at the other side; they were doubtless barricaded in it, and would scream and refuse to let Kate and herself into it until too late. She and the child would be helpless in madame's terribly strong hands did she once get hold of them, and the lock of her door was weak, so her plan seemed the only one, and there was not a moment to lose.

"Kittie, get up at once, dead, and dress as quickly as you can," she said, as she entered the room and shut and locked the door. Don't ask any questions now, and I will tell you all about it presently. Hurry!"

She spoke as quietly as she could; but the poor little girl was out of bed as soon as she had finished speaking and pulling on her clothes in silence with trembling hands. One look at Mollie had been enough. Mollie, meanwhile, dragged anything she could find against the door and opened the window quietly. Then she helped Kate into her things and, tying a shawl over her head, put her out on the sloping tiled roof of the veranda and crawled out after her.

"Now, listen, Kittie," she whispered impressively. "I am going to let myself down by one of the pillars, and when I say your name and hold out my arms you are to jump. Then we shall run as fast as we can to the White house."

"Yes, Mollie," murmured the child obediently, her eyes wide with terror. Without waiting for hat or wrap, Mollie scrambled down, and a minute later they were speeding out on to the road.

"Some one was rattling the door handle," said Kate, as Mollie paused to open the gate.

Mollie's only answer was to take her hand again and run. It was for their lives, literally a race for their lives that they were running, she knew. Was that the clang of the gate behind them? She pulled Kate along faster, for she felt it was, and a mile was a terrible way to run.

"I must stop!" panted Kate. "Oh, Mollie; I can't run any more!"

As Mollie caught her up and hurried on with clenched teeth, she felt sure she heard footsteps on the hard road behind. Every moment she felt the poor distraught woman was gaining on them—that she could hear madame's wild voice; but she staggered on, praying as she had never prayed before for help, and that she might save Kate, her mother's baby!

But she had hardly any breath left by the time the White house gate appeared in sight; the steps came rolling up—a high dog cart passed her, in which she could distinguish a well-known form.

"Reggie! Reggie!" she shrieked despairingly; and then she remembered nothing more until she found herself in the hall at the White house, Reggie's arms round her. Mrs. Anstruther's and Joyce's kind faces near, and Kate leaning against her knee, sobbing out an incoherent account of what had happened, as far as she knew.

CHAPTER X.

Madam Dubois was dangerously mad from that night, enacting over and over again the terrible deed she had committed, the combined remorse and terror of which she had gradually thrown her mind off its balance. It was found that she had broken into Mollie's room, and, discovering the window open and the room empty, had evidently pursued them down the road, for one of her shoes was found not far from the White house gates. Foiled in her attempt by the timely arrival of Reggie, she had returned and smashed everything in the room, burying the knife in Mollie's pillow.

Henri was telegraphed for, but declined to come, sending word that he was seriously ill with the shock. The general impression was that he feared to set foot in Reversion, as he had all along known more than he would allow; but nothing could be proved against him. Madame raved for him perpetually; but this one creature whom she worshipped, for whom she had stopped at no crime, coolly deserted her without the least compunction.

Never once did he write to ask about her, or did she see him again; but he quietly disappeared from knowledge, though many years afterward Mollie received begging letters at intervals from him. And it was Mollie who took compassion on her enemy, and returned good for evil by paying for her to be well cared for in an asylum, where she lingered for some years.

Being left without a guardian, her trustees were quite willing for her to accept Mrs. Anstruther's offer of a home until her marriage, an offer extended to Kate also; so everything at Chalfont was sold and the place let,

and Mollie would have been happy indeed, but for her anxiety about her little half-sister.

Poor child! She had been failing all winter, though Mollie could not see it, and as the spring advanced she grew weaker and weaker, though she suffered no pain. They were all very good to her, these kind people, bearing with the fractious irritability that she could not control. Reggie came home as often as he could, and taught Mollie to ride; while all Reversion called, anxious to show that they were glad to be friends with Colonel L'Estrange's daughter. But the little girl was never neglected or forgotten. Many an hour would good-natured Reggie carry her about in the old garden and amuse her, and she was very fond of the tall, handsome young fellow, watching him with preternaturally large eyes; but there was no one like Mollie toward the end, her first love and her last, her "very own Mollie!"

"Is she not beautiful, Joyce?" she said one day, as she watched them set off for a ride, and they turned to nod cheerfully as the tiny, thin hand was waved from the window. "Reggie loves her very much, but not so much as I do. No one in this world can tell what Mollie has been to me."

And Joyce, softly stroking the tawny curls of the owner of Chalfont, thought of that scene in the garden the preceding spring, when the over-dressed little heiress, sitting in the swing, had spoken so differently. Truly Mollie had worked wonders!

"Everything I have is yours, Mollie," the child said with passionate devotion, one cold, spring afternoon, as the girl sat rocking her gently to and fro before the fire. "My heart, my life, everything; but who would have Chalfont if I died?"

"I should, my Kittie." "Oh, then that is all right." And Kate nestled closer into her arms with a smile of utter contentment. "We are very happy now, Mollie, are we not? Will you sing mother's lullaby again?"

Mrs. Anstruther's face was looking very grave as she watched the child; but with the courage that always came to Mollie in her need, she began softly to sing the old nursery tune they both loved. Once Kate stirred and gave a little sigh; but Mollie went on, though to ears that heard not, for with that sigh the little girl had fallen into that sleep that knows no waking, and gone home to the Heavenly Father whom Mollie had taught her to love.

"You must not grieve too much, Mollie darling," Reggie said later, when she had cut off a long, fair curl, and they had carried the child away and laid her by her mother's side in the church yard. "Had she lived there are many things that she must have known as she grew older, which would have hurt her. She is spared much suffering."

And Mollie, remembering her darling's quick, sensitive spirit, knew it was true. She was very happy as time passed; it was impossible not to be happy with Reggie, and though the trials of life came to both as the years rolled on, nothing ever came between those two. There are no lives without trouble; but theirs they bore together, and tried to bear well, and they passed, leaving them better and stronger.

But even when children of her own lay in her arms, there was always a very tender spot in Mollie's heart for the child who was gone. And as one spring followed another, and snowdrops, primroses and daffodils came in their season, the sharp, anxious little face would rise before her. But it was never the face of "my half-sister, Kate." Leonard Barlowe's daughter, the heiress of Chalfont. She had gone long ago; it was the wistful one of the little sister who slept the last long sleep by her mother's side, who had given her the whole beautiful love of her child's heart.

The End.

Celluloid Comb Explodes.

A curious accident which recently occurred in Cincinnati warns women of a frequent danger which is little understood. A woman leaned down before an open grate, and as she did so a celluloid comb exploded with sufficient force to throw her several feet. The comb ignited, burning off most of the wearer's hair, eyebrows and lashes, and she was severely burned about the face and neck. It seemed impossible to extinguish the burning comb as long as any of it was left, and considerable effort was required to prevent the carpet and furnishings from catching fire. The fact that celluloid, whose foundation is gun cotton, is highly inflammable and explosive, seems to be little understood, and the wonder is that more injuries do not result, for many women are extremely careless when heating curling irons by a gas jet or alcohol lamp, and might very easily expose a celluloid comb to ignition. Under all ordinary circumstances, the pretty, convenient and inexpensive celluloid is innocent, but it must not be brought in contact with fire.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN ESPECIALLY TIMELY DISCOURSE.

The Man Faithful to God Is the Most Faithful to His Country and to His Fellowmen—An Example from the Life of Daniel.

(Copyright, 1909, Louis Klepach, N. Y.) This discourse of Dr. Talmage is appropriate for all seasons, but especially in times of great political agitation. The text is, Daniel vi, 16, "Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions."

Darius was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him prime minister, or secretary of state. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning. These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to anyone except the king during a period of thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day and is found on his house-top making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters! They fawn around him; they lick his hand; they bury his feet in their long manes. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius, the king, sleep. He has an attack of terrific insomnia. He loves Daniel and hates this strategem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts, and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of the lions. He looks in. All is silent. His heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but, gathering all his strength, he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel is thy God, whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O king, live forever. My God has sent his angels to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me." Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are buried into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts in the rock, and as the lions made the rocks tremble with their roar they announce to all ages that while God will defend his people the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Daniel's Greatest Offense. Learn from this subject that the greatest crime you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He had become prime minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gantlet between the landlord and taxgatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say: "Poor man, I am sorry for him." But after while the tide turns in his favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought just at the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are in some department successful, and your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you pass by them. "Stuck up," says one. "Got it dishonestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfiture and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospects of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says, "Stay

down, or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," says the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh," said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there are those to sympathize with you but now that you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers,—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Decision of Character. Again, my subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions; but, having set his compass well, he sailed right on. For the lack of that element of decision of character so eminent in Daniel many men are ruined for this world and ruined for the world to come. A great many at 40 years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their minds. Perhaps they will go west, perhaps they will go east; perhaps they will not; perhaps they will go north; perhaps they may go south; perhaps they will go east; perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads; perhaps they will not. They are not like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool. These men on the sea of life everlastingly tacking ship and making no headway! Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, the curse of all styles of architecture. Young man, start right, and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin. It is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions, and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes they grimace and wink and chuckle and say, "There goes a saint." O young man, have decision of character! You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

Christianity for Busy Men. Again I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a servant of God. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician, and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota in his high toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a godly politician. So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the state. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, attorney general of New York in the time of your fathers. Such was John McLean of the supreme court of the United States. Such was George Briggs of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey—men faithful to the state, at the same time faithful to God. It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation, and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot box and cast their first vote and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Cavalry, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem, but because there are bad men around the ballot box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws, and the last time to surrender the ballot box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Religion in Politics. Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics, who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics, as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood and had no concern about his own home. My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came, pleased, all around about him, as hunters' hounds at the well known

whistle come bounding to his feet. You need not go to Numidia to get many lions. You all have them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion, and yet they have never hurt you. The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea shells would turn into pearls, and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing, putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion, whose den is the world's monster, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affront you. When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood, he was compelled to go fully armed the night before among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and amid the sound of cornet and great parade, he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as, fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation, he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes, streaming over seas of sapphire.

JAMAICA FROGS

Only Seven of One Hundred and Fifty Survive Sea Voyage.

The biological department of the Johns Hopkins University has a number of interesting specimens of zoology, some of which will be of value in the higher research work of the department this year, says the Baltimore Sun. The summer vacation is usually a time for collecting queer creatures and plants for winter investigation, a students' trip to Jamaica last summer being especially productive of such rarities. Dr. Lawrence E. Giffin and Mr. W. C. Coker left last June for Jamaica. Among other things they collected 150 bullfrogs. They were unable to stand the voyage to this country, and the seven that survived are now at the university in an emaciated condition. This Jamaica product is not a real bullfrog, but a toad. They were brought to Jamaica from Barbadoes under the impression that they would kill rats. This was found to be a mistake, and the toad remained and is now quite common. They are of a dark brown color, with a body the size of a large bullfrog, but with short legs like a toad, and are not aquatic. Like all toads, they are not tame. A handsome feature of the Jamaica collection is a set of fine tortoise shell turtles all beautifully mounted. A crocodile skeleton was also procured, which will prove an object study for the minor classes in osteology. The Jamaica crocodile is more vicious than the Florida variety, living on fish or an occasional native who is unwary. It is also not so sluggish as other varieties, and is peculiar in having no sleeping time.

Improvements in Campaign Methods. Contrasting earlier campaigns with those of more recent years, it is possible to discern a decided improvement in the relative importance of what may be called the spectacular elements. The torchlight procession, the wholesale illumination of the houses of partisans on the occasions of such a procession, the organization of bodies of men clad in some fantastic garb—these things are plainly less congenial to our people at the end of the century than they were in its middle, or even during the score of years after the civil war. They are essentially childish, and the nation is discarding them as it grows older. Instead of "fuss and feathers," the influence of serious and sober-minded appeals to the reason is evidently growing. The masses still go to "see a free show"—in fact, they go in greater numbers than ever, as the growing facilities of communication render the gathering of vast crowds easier, but they regard it only in the light of a performance. —New York Evening Post.

In the Campaign of the Future. The orator stopped to take a drink of water. As if this had been a signal agreed upon by the toughs in the audience there broke out instantly a fusillade of cabbages, dead cats, and other political campaign properties, and the gifted spellbinder hastily retreated behind the sheet-iron curtain. Only for a moment, however, did the disorder reign supreme. A bullet-proof phonograph, with steel megaphone attachment, was pushed upon the stage. Its roar of oratory instantly drowned the noise made by the disorderly element that was seeking to throttle free speech, and the meeting proceeded to a triumphant conclusion. Science and adroit management had triumphed over the mob.—Chicago Tribune.

Aqueduct for Atlanta. Mayor-Elect Mims and County Commissioner Brown of Atlanta are pushing a project for an aqueduct from the mountains of north Georgia to bring water to the city named. The idea in detail is to purchase a tract of land, perhaps 500 acres, in the mountains of north Georgia at some point where springs are abundant and build there an enormous reservoir. From his reservoir an aqueduct of 100,000,000 gallons capacity per day would be built to Atlanta and be carried through large mains to every corner of the city.

THE COUNTRY'S COUNT

Total Population of the United States in 1909, 76,275,220.

THE GAIN MADE IN TEN YEARS

All of the Returns in the Census are Complete with the Exception of Alaska and Certain Military Organizations Abroad—Nebraska's Showing.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1.—The official announcement of the total population of the United States for 1909 is 76,275,220, of which 74,627,907 are contained in the forty-five states, representing approximately the population to be used for an apportionment purposes. There is a total of 131,153 Indians not taxed. The total population in 1890, with which the aggregate population of the present census should be compared, was 63,095,756. Taking the 1890 population as a basis, there has been a gain in population of 13,225,464 during the past ten years, representing an increase of nearly 21 per cent.

Following is the official announcement of the population of the United States in 1909 by states. In the figures the first column represents the census for 1909, the second for 1890, and the third column, when given, represents the number of Indians not taxed:

State	1909	1890	Ind. In 1909
Alabama	1,828,887	1,433,017	
Arkansas	1,311,664	1,128,178	
California	1,453,852	1,298,129	13,439
Colorado	329,099	412,998	267
Connecticut	508,355	746,228	
Delaware	184,735	189,198	
Florida	328,322	391,922	
Georgia	2,216,329	1,847,582	
Idaho	161,771	81,782	2,297
Illinois	4,821,559	3,828,241	
Indiana	2,516,835	2,278,943	
Iowa	2,514,829	1,941,896	
Kansas	1,709,496	1,427,999	
Kentucky	2,177,174	1,828,974	
Louisiana	1,291,824	1,118,527	
Maine	684,396	691,686	
Maryland	1,189,846	1,012,790	
Massachusetts	2,516,835	2,278,943	
Michigan	3,419,382	2,603,888	
Minnesota	1,911,236	1,310,825	1,088
Mississippi	1,551,252	1,259,699	
Missouri	2,916,717	2,278,943	
Montana	218,829	118,159	10,416
Nebraska	1,068,901	1,068,901	
Nevada	42,234	45,791	1,065
New Hampshire	517,658	517,658	
New Jersey	1,889,669	1,444,822	
New York	12,889,669	9,576,822	4,318
North Carolina	1,894,362	1,617,047	
North Dakota	318,000	182,719	4,992
Ohio	4,104,245	3,624,236	
Oregon	415,322	315,551	1
Pennsylvania	6,394,362	5,228,944	
Rhode Island	517,658	517,658	
South Carolina	1,310,825	1,118,119	
South Dakota	401,259	228,898	10,822
Tennessee	2,822,252	1,764,318	
Texas	3,618,328	2,252,724	
Utah	297,995	207,962	1,172
Vermont	315,641	323,422	
Virginia	1,894,184	1,665,899	
Washington	218,829	182,719	5,021
West Virginia	968,999	762,734	
Wisconsin	2,608,961	1,656,909	1,667
Wyoming	262,415	69,795	
Total 45 states	74,627,907	62,116,511	14,517

Alaska (est.) 41,660 29,262
Arizona 122,212 39,829 24,814
Dist. of Columbia 28,718 29,262
Hawaii 134,001 39,799
Indian Territory 218,829 182,719 5,021
New Mexico 194,777 152,997 2,535
Oklahoma 398,215 61,214 2,525
Persons in the service of the United States stationed abroad (estimated) 84,499
Indians, exclusive of those in Indian reservations, except Indian Territory 15,932
Total seven territories 1,667,113 522,945 39,415

The Alaskan figures are derived from partial data only, and all returns for Alaska and for certain military organizations stationed abroad, principally in the Philippines, have not yet been received. The total population in 1890, with which the aggregate population at the present census should be compared, was 63,095,756, the gain during the last decade being 13,225,464, or very nearly 21 per cent.

BOTHA WILL NOT SURRENDER.

Will Fight as Long as Boers are of That Mind. LONDON, Nov. 1.—A related dispatch from Pretoria tells of the failure of the British negotiations with General Botha for the surrender of the Boers. Botha received General Paget's fig of true courtesy and admitted his defeat, but said it was impossible to treat for surrender as long as any burghers wished to continue the war. President Steyn was more irreconcilable. He refused to even see the bearer of a flag of truce.

Reception to Mrs. Bryan. CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 1.—When Mrs. Bryan's train arrived in this city at 8 o'clock Mrs. Bryan was received by Mrs. David Baumgarten and driven to her elegant home on Walnut Hills, where dinner was served to Mrs. Bryan and a large number of invited guests. Mrs. Baumgarten presented Mrs. Bryan with a fine silver loving cup. After the supper there was a formal reception. In the receiving line, in addition to the hostess and the guests of honor, were Mrs. Judge W. H. Jackson, Mrs. Franklin Alter, Mrs. Louis G. Bernard and wives of prominent democrats.

American Banks to Help. BERLIN, Nov. 1.—Dr. Van Siemens, president of the Deutsche bank, is in Paris arranging negotiations for financing the Swiss railroads. The transaction, it is said, involves a loan of 300,000,000 francs at 4 per cent, which will be raised principally by American banks, assisted by English, French, German and Swiss financiers. The matter attracted much attention on the bourse today.

To Sail Fifty Miles an Hour. NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Charles A. Flint's Arrow, under contract to be the fastest ship ever designed, was launched at Ayres ship yard at Nyack, N. Y. She has been built under the guarantee by her designer of forty-two miles an hour, and it is expected that under pressure she will be able to make fifty miles. The impression has been given out that she was constructed as a yacht for Mr. Flint's personal use, but the impression gains that she was built under contract with one of the South American governments as a torpedo boat.